Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall heauie dull, and slow?

Boy. *Minime* honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.

Bra. A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, heere's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some Riddle, come, thy *Lennoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lennoy*, no salue, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lennoy*, no *lennoy*, no Salue sir, but a Plantan:

Ar. By vertue thou enforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunge prouokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me my stars, doth the vnconsiderate take *salue* for *lennoy*, and the word *lennoy* for a *salue*?

Page. Doe the wise thinke them other, , is not *lennoy* a *salue*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my *lennoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were still at oddes being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lennoy*, ending in the Goose: would you desire more:

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a Bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let

Let me see a fat *Lennoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costord* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lennoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lennoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*.
I will speake that *Lennoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard* I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lennoy*, some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the Countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of my honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adiew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweet ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three farthings: three farthings remuneratiõ, what's the price of this yncle? 1.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

 Enter